

# THE CAYLEY HUSTLER

VOL. IV. NO. 17

CAYLEY, ALTA. APRIL 23, 1913

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR

F. F. Macdonald  
Notary Public  
CAYLEY - ALTA.

## MONEY TO LOAN

on

## Farm Property

Lowest current rates

Roberts & Hunt  
High River

## Presbyterian Church

CAYLEY  
Sunday school at 10:15 a.m.  
Public worship, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.  
MEADOWBANK  
Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock  
Public worship at 3:15 p.m.

## Methodist Church

CAYLEY  
Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock  
Sunday school Adult class at 3 p.m.  
Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 8:00 p.m.

## FORKS

Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a.m.  
ZEPHERS SCHOOL  
Sunday School at 2 p.m.  
Preaching service at 3 p.m.

To each and all services the public are urged to attend.

REV. OLIVER E. MANN, Pastor.

**Cayley Hotel**  
W. A. BOURDON, Prop.

Rates, \$1.50 per day

## Special Table for Farmers

**Campbell Douglas**  
REAL ESTATE  
INSURANCE, LOANS,  
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**Grain and Coal Dealer**  
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It will pay you to drop a line to  
**D. E. BLACK, Calgary**  
and get our new Catalogue  
It makes Gilt giving easy, and contains suggestions for all your friends.

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BARRISTER  
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Solicitor for - The Union Bank; The Bank of Commerce; The Dominion Bank; and the Town of High River.  
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**High River, Alberta, Canada**  
Phone 49

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### THE FARMERS' CANDIDATE

Referring to the defeat and utter disregard by the farmers in the Clarendon constituency of their chosen candidate, Mr. G. Malchow, a farmer remarked to a Hustler representative that he was ashamed to be called a farmer. A year or so ago the U. F. A. of the Clarendon district, in meeting assembled, nominated Mr. G. Malchow as a farmer's candidate for the recent election. In the meantime Mr. Malchow moved from that district to a farm near Stavely. Some two weeks before the election, Mr. Malchow, feeling he was now somewhat out of touch with his former district, resigned as the nominee of the Clarendon farmers. Another meeting was held by the Clarendon farmers, who again unanimously nominated Mr. Malchow as their standard bearer, and practically forced him into accepting the nomination. Had the farmers given their candidate the support they promised him, in all probability he would have been elected—but they didn't, and instead he got it in the neck, paying his own expenses and losing his deposit.

### GOT TOO HOT AT LAST.

On the day of the elections the Calgary Albertan was burned out, and the editor was prevented from publishing the returns for twenty-four hours. Some unkind political opponent was overheard to remark that it was a pity it did not burn up two weeks earlier. The red-hot air that has emanated from its columns a week or two before the elections grew so hot that at last the whole shebang busted and went up in smoke, together with the predictions of some of the Conservative press that Sifton was going to be knocked into a cocked hat.

### LEARN THE LESSON

One of the lessons to be learned from the results of the recent elections is, that it is a very unwise policy to allow outsiders to come into a constituency and practically run the election, generally to the detriment of the candidate in whose interest they are supposed to be working for. We venture to say that the honest work of one real live local man—a man whose life is above reproach—will show better results than any outsider that is brought in—often at a big expense—however glibbed tongue he may be.

We do not mean the despicable hireling who is sent out by either party with his pocket full of boddle with the vowed intention to corrupt the constituency—whether it be to buy horses, &c., or to pay so much cash for the vote. Neither party, be it said with regret, can claim exemption from winning, or rather buying, an election. It is no credit either to the party or the candidate who is elected under such circumstances, and it is a safe betting that the man who knowingly allows that kind of thing on behalf of his election is not the right kind of a man to send to parliament to make our laws, for he is certain to act crooked when he gets there the first opportunity that presents itself. This kind of a boulder

should be kicked out by both parties.

No objection can be taken to in having an outsider to address the electors, but the undesirable policy that we complain of, is the hanger-on who suddenly makes his home in a constituency for a week or two before the election and then as suddenly disappears after the election. If the money paid to hangers-on was judiciously and honestly spent in perfecting a strong organization in every part of the constituency and paying all legitimate work to the local men, instead of the stranger, who knows nothing about local condition or the slightest knowledge of one elector, but who have come in "run things," it is pretty certain that in nine cases out of ten the results would be far different from what they generally turn out to be where the hanger-on is running the election.

Such a constituency no thief, or hanger-on, would be tolerated; besides remedying one of the most abominable and disgraceful innovations that has insidiously crept into every election for many years past.

It's all over.

Oh, what a surprise!

Did you save your vote?

Now for protests and law courts

"I told you so!" prophets are having their innings.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," says Riley at Bassano.

And after all Mr. Sifton will settle the A. & G. W. tangle.—Albertan.

Certainly. After getting the province in the muddle it is in on this deal, he should be allowed the unspeakable pleasure of getting the province out again—by borrowing another \$7,400,000 from Paul to pay back Peter.



'Twas an awful slaughter, Sairy

### A Case of Local Interest.

His Honor, Mr. Justice Simons, delivered judgment in the case of Wallace vs. Potter last Saturday.

The defendant homesteaded the n.w. quarter of section 18-19-28, west of 4th m. in the province of Alberta, Sept. 15th, 1890, a certificate of title issued to him for said lands from the South Alberta land registration district. In May, 1895, the plaintiff purchased the adjoining lands from the defendant's brother, and at that time the land in question was enclosed with the lands purchased by plaintiff from the brother of the defendant. The plaintiff was then living on the northwest qtr. of section 20 in the same town-

ship, and used the northwest qtr. of section 18 as pasture and made repairs on the fences on the west side and south side in 1896. In 1900 the plaintiff went into residence on the northeast quarter of section 18, adjoining the land in question on the east side and placed substantial farm buildings on said northwest quarter of sec. 18, and graded a driveway across the said quarter. In 1901 the plaintiff broke and cultivated 30 acres and other work. The plaintiff has continued in occupation and use of said lands up to the commencement of this action. He had, in his honor's opinion, quite fully satisfied the requirements of the limitation act as to possession for 12 years.

The plaintiff claims a declaration of right that he is the owner in fee simple by length of possession of said northwest quarter of section 18, and is entitled to the certificate of title for said lands.

It appears that the defendant left the said lands in 1885 and went to reside in Calgary, and soon after that returned to the United States. The plaintiff heard from him in 1897, but since that has not heard from him.

After going into the legal phase of the case, his lordship sums up, that the result is that the plaintiff has acquired a title to the land which cannot be attacked by the person actually registered as the owner and in whose name a certificate of title is now upon the register. The result is quite an anomalous one but the authority for removing the anomaly is in the legislature and not in the courts.

The plaintiff is entitled to a declaration that he is the owner in fee simple of the lands by virtue of possession for the statutory period, but he fails in the second part of his case in which he asks for the cancellation of the present certificate and for the issuing of a certificate of the title under the act to himself.

### FOR SALE

Six good Working Mares, some foal, all young and well broken. Apply to HENRY JOHNSON, Stavely.

ALL WORK FULLY  
GUARANTEED

## The Taube Optical Company

709 First Street West  
C L G R Y, ALBERTA

Established 1871 Long Distance Phone, 2684

## EYE SIGHT

### YOUR EYES

will appreciate the ease and comfort derived from wearing "proper fitting glasses." If you have not had your "Eyes" attended to, WHY PUT IT OFF?

Our Representative will be at

Cayley Every Two Months

Make it a point to Consult him

## SHIP YOUR GRAIN

TO

## JOHN BILLINGS & CO.

LICENSED AND BONDED GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

WINNIPEG,

### IBERAL ADVANCES.

### PROMPT RETURNS

### FAIR TREATMENT

## DISCOUNTS

We need the room, and are obliged to reduce our stock of

### Heaters, Fireplaces and Cooking Stoves

Get in line for the

### BIG DISCOUNTS at the Cayley Hardware

Formerly MCMEEKIN & SCRAGG

C. STEEN, Mgr.

## Just Received

Our new stock of

### GENTS' SPRING HATS

in all the latest styles, has just arrived

We have also a complete stock of

### GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Call and see these goods

F. F. McDONALD, Cayley



It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, & BEST HOME DYEING. It costs but a few cents to make. It's the only kind of Color your Goods are made of. The Soda is Economical, the Soap is Economical, and the Soda gives strong and lasting colors. **DYOLA** - **THE DYE-MAKING COMPANY**, LTD., London, Ontario.

You ought to Wear  
**SANFORD'S SOVEREIGN**  
BRAND CLOTHES

reliable merchants have them  
in stock

When buying your Piano in-  
sist on having an  
**"OTTO HIGEL"**  
Piano Action

**REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.**  
Mrs. WENSCHE'S NURSERY, 5000  
MOTHERS for their CHILDREN. MILLIONS OF  
MOTHERS have found PERMANENT SUCCESS.  
The following CURES WIND, COOL, and  
AL the lead remedy to cure the child  
and mother. See the book and ask for "Mrs.  
WENSCHE'S NURSERY" to be sent  
free. Two-day express a bottle.

**MALE HELP WANTED**

**AGENTS WANTED**  
Wanted—Agents for Hall and Wink  
sister business. We are a Canada  
Weather Insurance Company, (Domestic  
License), Winnipeg, Man.

**The Diplomatic Salesman**

An elderly lad entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a few, but said he had seen these before—nothing suited her.

"haven't you something new?" she asked.

The lad then brought another pile and showed them to her. These were with a new pattern, round the border and the centre is in the middle.

"What kind of a shawl do you call this?" he asked the boy.

"Oh, that's all right, pane, you call  
William, I'm building it to rent."

**Acquiring a Pant**

The gay and festive life may say  
that the pant is narrow  
The man who paints the town today  
Needs whitewashing tomorrow.

**THE BLESSING  
OF MOTHERHOOD**

**Healthy Mothers and Chil-  
dren Make Happy Homes**

**Motherhood is woman's highest sphere**  
Indeed, it is the fruit of her dearest  
hopes and deepest desire. The  
seeds of noble women through some de-  
rangement have been denied this blessing.

The master of a small town

and his wife, a widow and

mother, have a son.

He is a young man

and a good man.

He is a good man.





## DOLBY IN DUTCH.

His Better Half Fully Intends to End It All, But—

## FINALLY CHANGES HER MIND.

The Unexpected Advent of Ten Small and Downy Additions to the Deacon's Family Necessary Postponing That Entertaining Event.

By M. QUAD,  
copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

A Deacon Dooley sat with a saw and hammer in the house singing "Rock of Ages."

He smiled and said, "I'm a man."

After singing the hymn seven times over Mrs. Dolby dropped it for "I Shall Watch For Thee."

"She's getting ready!" whispered the deacon.

After "watching" for a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Dolby came up the strains of "The Lord's Prayer."

"It'll be her sight for him," whispered the deacon as he shook his head.

And by and by there came floating on the air the words of the old hymn "With the Angels Up Above."

"It!" announced the good man as he aham as he threw down some hay.

After supper that evening Deacon Dolby casually observed that he must



"YOU BOTH BEGIN TO JUMP ABOUT."

go down to the store and get a pound of temporary nails to fix the wagon wheels on the mowmow, and he left Mrs. Dolby to go up the stairs to the table off the table. He was gone an hour and when he returned he was astonished to find his house was astounded by a fire. He entered and lit a lamp, and as he passed through into the sitting room he believed a woman lying on the couch in a fit of hysterics. And his hands folded on her breast. He gave her one glance and then sat down at the center table to read. At the post office he received a telegram, relating to geese and their care, and it started off in an interesting way.

Mrs. Dolby Review.

Deacon Dolby was reading for five minutes and had got as far as to tell that a goose was capable of affection when he was called on the phone. Mrs. Dolby had been up and coughed three coughs to hint to Mr. Dolby that she was not dead, but the circums held at his interest. Two minutes later Mrs. Dolby had come up and took a seat on the lounge and said:

"Samuel, I didn't want to frighten you, but I couldn't help faltering away."

The deacon rose from the circular that a goose had been known to go into a cage at the mere sight of a red-headed woman and just then Mrs. Dolby came in.

"I've just gone out when Mrs. Lamphere came in. She hadn't been over for a week, and she wanted to borrow a book. I told her I didn't have it, I was going to put up any picket peaches this season. We had talked for about five minutes when all at once she said, 'Samuel, I have a child. Samuel, do you want to know what she sobbed about?'

He didn't know, but he didn't say so. "Samuel, I got out to stick right to the circuit until he had devoured every line of it. He was finding out that he had lived for forty-five years without a mate, and that was she."

The Cat is Out.

"I at first thought that shebebe his sister in North Dakota was dead, but when she got up to me she said she could not tell it, and said it was she who felt such pity for me. Then—then, Samuel, I broke down and sobbed with her."

And she sobbed and sobbed again, and the deacon sat there and read that if ever a father could have gotten his son to go to bed he would have to jump through a hoop the same as a circus performer.

"I am not going to cry any more, Samuel. The time for crying has passed. I am going to tell you who Mrs. Lamphere was, and then end this life of toil and misery, and then I'll be free. Mrs. Lamphere ever since she was a little girl, and I have never known her to tell it, is a good girl, but she is a little old. What she means is a sense of duty. She said it made her heart to want to know that she was living with a man who was not up to her."

The deacon prepared himself for the worst, but gave no outward sign, and presently Mrs. Dolby ceased sobbing and continued:

"One morning six weeks ago the cow

kicked while you were milking her. You went over backward off the stool with a yell, and when you got up you poked her with the milk pail and swore. Deacon Dolby, I am bound to say, Gearing heard it, and she told Mrs. Lamphere. Mrs. Carter also heard it, and she almost fainted. Mrs. Gearing knew that Mrs. Lamphere had never heard the like. It made her blood run cold. She didn't get over shivering for hours. You whacked and pinched and swatted and pinched and swatted and the poor woman flew into the house for her life. I noticed how pale you were, and I said, 'Samuel, when I asked you what was the matter you said you felt bilious. Deacon Samuel Dolby, you pounded the cow, and you were bilious. You must have got it to say it to me!'

The Deacon in Dutch.

Not a word. That circular said that if a person was always getting into trouble, the person would reprecate by extra work in laying eggs and catching caterpillars and grasshoppers, and the information was that the person would be healthy.

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She Contemplates Death.

"A man's life is short," she said, through her tears.

"Only two weeks ago you were downtown one day and got into a talk with old Mr. Carpenter about Japan. He said that Japan was a good place to go to, but he feared the worst, because they were such fighters and would have the largest navy. Why, I left for me one year ago, and I have not been back since. I can't get out of Japan in five minutes and that anybody who doesn't have a tail. Then that night that poor old man, Mr. Carpenter, was going to ship his chops and called him a traitor. That's it! It was a wonder you didn't come to me to talk to me about it, for I don't know it. I was simply too much of a fool to understand."

Samuel wasn't. He would neither fight nor die. He was to be buried at the cemetery, but he could be made to act as the playmate of a young child if properly trained while he was still alive.

"And ye call that quick work," answered the Irishman. "Why, I'm sure you can come that way if you prefer to do so, but it looks like—Weekly Tele-

graph.

An Irishman and an Englishman had

forgotten and were boasting of

their respective islands. The Englishman said:

"We are a jolly lot more rapid in

England than you are in Ireland. Why,

by Jove! I left for me one year ago,

and I have not been back since.

Samuel said, "I have not been back

since I was born. I have not been back

since I was born."

"With this ends it, Samuel! I found

away when I heard the news, but

I'm going to do something for you.

"You have a right to do that, Samuel," he said, "but I have no right to do that."

"Samuel, do you want to know what she sobbed about?"

"I didn't know, but he didn't say so."

"Samuel, I got out to stick right to the circuit until he had devoured every line of it. He was finding out that he had lived for forty-five years without a mate, and that was she."

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## THE HUSTLER, CAYLEY, ALBERTA.

## EPITAPHS.

BILL BOOGES' son has his drink. He had his share on earth, we think. His end was sharp, also, and it came a tuck. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sam Snook has passed from earthly

No doubt dwells on some distant star; While he was staring at two queens His steps led him to a tomb. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Tom Tibbs' ashes here repose, Two more loving friends may pause To think of him in his clothes Flared up as Santa Claus. —Baltimore Sun.

Sam was left of Tillard Jones, A near side car swept by him once, And Tillard tried to stop it. —Buffalo News.

Shead a tear for William Dunn: Who got in front of a friend's auto; A man who had a good heart. —Louisville Post.

This is the epitaph of Hill Wright: No more his boy to play with him, He tried to have some dynamite; He is not here because —Houston Post.

Lodged Bad.

The monotony of life at a rural railway station was relieved the other day by an unusual incident. A man who had been drinking heavily was found hanging from a tree, and then surveyed the station building leisurely. On hearing the noise of the constable's train he made his escape through the rear door. A little run when nearly at the top of the stairway caused his foot to slip, and he fell, and then lay on the floor. Mr. Jones had not rushed over there, but yet you drank half a gallon of it. Mr. Jones did the same, but he had not been drinking half as much as you. You have a right to do that, but you have got to be a man. —Washington Star.

"Is this the way to the train?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the response. "You can come that way if you prefer to do so, but it looks like—Weekly Tele-

graph.

Samuel and his wife had been

drinking heavily, and then he had

fallen into a chair, and then he had

## Injustice

By Arthur Applin

Ward, Lock & Co. Limited  
London, Melbourne & Toronto.

(Continued)

I'll get them, he cried, and his voice vibrated passionately. I'll bring them to you-to-morrow or the day after. I'll bring them to you and then you shall ask my reward. Oh, surely you can guess what it is; you know what a man is worth. I know it. I knew it long ago, when you were first engaged to Frank and his hands were clasped in mine.

Slowly the meaning dawned upon her. His hands were clasped in her own. She released her hold on him, and slipped away into the shadow of the doorway.

"What are you saying, what do you mean?" she cried, and her eyes grew heavy.

"I mean that I love you, he said boldly. I loved you the moment I met you. I mean that I want to give you all I have to give you yet.

He shrugged his shoulders but continued to hold her.

She covered her face with her hands, and dropping on to the sofa, sat there, weeping. Her sobs were sobs quite still, where she had left him in the center of the room, watching.

The rain was falling again, driving

down the darkening streets, now and again striking the glass, it was pattered against the glass.

It is, he said, and his voice was almost a whisper. I mean that I love you me yet, but I do ask you to believe that I love you with all my heart. For I have given you all I have to give you, everything, and I want to tell you, I say that I may hope, that's all. I'll wait for you, and you should come to me, but tell me that some day in the future you will become my wife.

I can never love you, he said.

He refused to hear her.

Sometimes, from friendship, the greatest of all love springs. I can go on living, I can go on living,

a bit, a roister in the past I know, and I've just come to the end of my tether. I'm not a man, I'm not a man, everyone's cracked me, even my sole relative, Lady Mary.

But when she heard him say that, she burst into tears, and with you, she promised to forgive me, to do the right thing by me, and all that.

She had given him a year, allow me a couple of thousand a year during life, and afterwards—well, she would be free to use her sole, settle everything on us.

He waited, but no reply came from the girl. She was silent, and then, after a long time he waited, and at last he said, "I'll take her hand, but I'll take her hand, but she'll drop it away with a frightened cry."

Yes, he said, and his friend, and yet you would bargain with me?

I'm not bargaining, he cried quickly. You may enter into my feelings perhaps, and understand how hard it has been for me to give up my wife for months. Well, I'm waiting for your answer.

She dropped her hands from her face and looked at him now. She was very pale, her eyes calm and cold, but she was not afraid of him. I can never love again; never marry again; I have.

The door opened slowly, noiselessly, and Reuben, unperceived, slipped into the room. He was alone, and when he stood, a slate, the twilight which filtered through the windows was cast upon his face, and it reflected in his sombre eyes, which were fixed menacingly on Scribner. He was a man, but his wife was no longer gentle, it vibrated harshly.

At last, he said, you speak of love; I don't think you understand the meaning of the word. I loved James, and I loved him well, and I'll give myself to any other man I should be morduring love as cruelly as the most unloving woman on the street.

Turning a back on her, he jerked at his hat and stood. How could you forget what you asked me to do a minute ago?

He had a color rush to his face then. No, he can't fight for my love. You'll fall in the shadows, these men, Roberts and Saintsbury, have not the strength of men. They won't have finished with him until between them they've drained him to the bone. They won't have saved him because I love you, and your love means my salvation.

And then he stopped, and he had to send for me sooner or later.

She rose to her feet, worn and contemptuous, and she said, "I shall never send for you again. I shall never see you again; go!"

## Swift Current, Saskatchewan

FORGOTTEN are being made in Swift Current, the fastest growing town in the Canadian West. The Swift Current Building Permits for the first month of 1913 total \$411,814, being larger than any other City west of Toronto to export. Winnipeg, the second largest city in the West, has a total of \$311,000. The Swift Current Building Permits for the first month of 1913 total \$411,814, being larger than any other City west of Toronto to export. Winnipeg, the second largest city in the West, has a total of \$311,000.

Most of the building is in the business section of the city. Every lot nicely situated on a gradual slope towards the city. On terms \$10 cash and \$10 per month, it will be easy to step towards a fortune.

Write for booklet on Swift Current.

To rent a number of choice improved farms in all sizes, close to school and market.

Agents wanted at every point.

SCOTT, HILL & CO.  
22 Canada Life Building, Winnipeg, Man.

## WRITER MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

London, England.—The Marchioness Townshend has joined the ranks of screen writers.

She is the first peeress to write cinema plays, and her works, three in number, have been accepted by the Clarendon Film Company, deal largely with the manners of society.

She is the daughter of Lord Townshend, the principal film, which was shown before Lady Townshend at the conclusion of the shooting, and met with her entire approval. In the action of the play, Lady Townshend, of dramatic nature, Lady Townshend described her methods of plotting.

## Ridiculously Simple

A traveller, recently and from abroad, said that he was shown through some ancient buildings, containing and gods that were erected by the ancients.

In the wall of one of the ancient buildings was a small opening, so he naturally inquired of the master guide what purpose it served.

He was told that it was one of those buildings in which animals were formerly walked up alive.

"What was the use of the hole in the wall?" he asked.

"Well, sir, replied the guide, as he passed back the empty plate through the hole, "the master used to give him back with the food on it unbroken the gaudier knew that he was dead already, and didn't give him any more."

## TO ALIY SUSPENSION

Driver. Why don't you take that cat off the table?

Waiter. Well, you see, sir, it's like this. It is a stowed rabbit today, and the driver says the customers like to have the cat in evidence like those days.

## TRUE

Teacher was telling her class little stories in native language, and she asked if anyone could tell her what she ground hog was.

Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

Please ma'am, it's a sausages.

## DON'T SOLD BABY

## FOR BEING CROSS

Mother, don't scold your little ones for being cross. A baby's nature is to be happy and if it is cross it is not his fault—crossness shows medicine to bring him back to the healthy, happy state again.

A mother can give her little ones to a smile and a kiss. There are times when a baby is cross, but a mother can give her little ones to a smile and a kiss.

There was a moment of dramatic suspense when the conductor of the orchestra sat motionless with terror, and the house was crowded for last night's performance.

By some mistake, the cage containing the lions was placed on the platform of the orchestra, and the audience, so that the astonished lions who should have been behind the scenes, were now in the orchestra and the orchestra.

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